

**St. Johnsbury Business Directory**

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# The Caledonian.

VOL. 25—NO. 39.

ST. JOHN'SBURY, VT., FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1861. WHOLE NO. 1235

THE CALEDONIAN.  
ST. JOHN'SBURY, VT.

C. M. STONE & Co. Publishers.  
Office, next door north of Court House.

TERMS.—One copy per annum, \$1.50  
If not paid within the year, \$2.00

Advertisements.—For one square  
of 15 lines this size type, three insertions, \$1.  
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who "were not of them" and truly reflected  
credit upon themselves.

Adjourned to meet at Lunenburg in No-  
vember.

CHARLES W. KING, Rec'dg Sec'y.

General Miscellany.

Letter from Northern Illinois.

GALENA, March 1, 1861.

To the Editor of the Caledonian:

When I studied geography at the "Centre  
schoolhouse" in Barnett, I remember of no-  
ting the name "Galena" stuck away up in the  
Northwest corner of the map of Illinois, and  
scattered around it sundry little black dots,  
like so many fly specks, which I was taught  
represented lead mines. Naturally enough I  
associated shot, lead bullets, and guns with  
that portion of Illinois, and imagined if I ever  
were there I would lay up a stock of lead  
that would last one while. Well, here I am  
in Galena, and instead of finding lead bul-  
lets taken out of the ground, ready made, I  
find what miners call "mineral," "drybone,"  
"black-jack," "sulphur," "iron rust," "ashes,"  
etc., etc., which I will sometime try to ex-  
plain to your readers.

Having, during the past summer, been for  
a considerable time collecting information  
from miners, visiting mines, going down  
"shafts," crawling along "drifts," etc., to the  
imminent risk of my neck—all for the bene-  
fit of the readers of a daily paper in this city,  
I shall endeavor in a series of letters to give  
you Vermonters some idea of lead and how  
they get it. But first I must give some ac-  
count of Galena itself, and this letter you  
may consider as only introductory.

Leaving Chicago for Galena on the Galena  
and Chicago Union railroad, you pass over  
some of the most beautiful farming country  
in the West, and instead of finding yourself  
on wild, uninhabited prairies, you see beauti-  
ful farms, with excellent farmhouses, you  
pass through thrifty villages—cities we call  
them here—and your eye continually feasts  
on beauty. At Freeport you come upon the  
Illinois Central railroad. Fifty miles further  
on you come to a rolling prairie, there you  
get into a rough, rocky, almost hideous look-  
ing place. Skewing round here and then  
vainly endeavoring to follow Fever river,  
your locomotive at length gives a shrill yell,  
and soon stops, putting with its exertions, at  
Galena. You get out, matter "Haugh," is  
this Galena?" begin to feel homesick, and  
soon for the DeSoto House. What have you  
seen? A lot of brick houses trying to stick  
on the side of a hill, have seen rough things  
generally, and if obliged to stop here a few  
days, think you have a perfect right to feel  
homesick. But when you come into the min-  
ing country you must not expect to find  
smooth prairies and smiling fields, but ob-  
stinate knobs of hills and rugged rocks. Indeed,  
when the locomotive began dodging around  
these fellows before arriving at Galena, you  
were then in the mining country.

I suppose, on stepping on the platform of  
Galena station, and looking around, one feels  
about the same as he does when stepping out  
of the cars at Barnett. He sees part of a "city  
on a hill, that cannot be hid," while there is  
more that he can't see, and which is hid—for  
the moment. If he has an eye for the pictur-  
esque he sees much that he can admire. It  
takes a day's tramp and a view from the cu-  
pol of the Central High School building to  
get a good idea of Galena. An impression  
gained from a look through the car windows,  
or from the platform at the station, is always  
a mistaken one. From the High School  
building—which is high in more senses than  
one—you see buildings on hills, commanding  
extensive views, you see beautiful residences  
half hidden in groves, cottages mostly on  
hillsides, and tucked snugly away in out-  
of-the-way places; you see hills to the South,  
prairies in the distance towards the North,  
while to the West are the long blue stretches  
of the Mississippi bluffs. You are delighted.  
Down at your feet almost, is the Galena river,  
twisting around, closely followed by the  
railroad, while the business part of the city  
is closely packed along its banks, under the  
bluffs. If you look attentively in the out-  
skirts of the city, you will perceive yellowish  
looking piles of dust. These are the mouths  
of the "shafts," or they may be the dirt  
thrown out of the "sucker holes," of which  
there are none.

If now, we go down on the levee—I am  
supposing this is in the season of the year  
when navigation is open—we will see huge  
piles of "pigs," not porkers, but pigs of lead,  
all regularly piled as a pile of wood is "but-  
ted up" in Vermont; that is, they are laid  
five pigs in a layer, each layer laid across the  
last. Each pig weighs about 71 pounds. In  
loading them on the steamboats they are care-  
fully placed, one layer deep, along the boiler  
deck, directly above the supports below deck.  
In bringing them from the furnace to the le-  
vee, they are laid in the wagon in two small  
piles, one at each end, directly over the axles.  
But I am wandering from my subject. Gale-  
na is on the head of navigation on Fever or  
Galena river, about five miles from the Mis-  
sissippi, and the water from the latter back-  
siding up to this city makes the Galena river  
navigable. Above this point the stream is a  
bout two-thirds as large as Sleepy's river in  
St. Johnsbury. The good people of Galena  
are much opposed to having it called Fever  
river. It smacks too much of "fever and  
agony." If you call it by that name it must  
be spelled Fevre, the "e" last, because they  
say it was so called from a Frenchman who  
"once on a time" flourished near it, but he  
lived and many conversations with the old  
settlers, I have never heard of any of his ex-  
ploits, and hence am inclined to think him a  
mythical personage, brought forward to flat-  
ter a conceit of the Galenians. Sure it is,  
"fever and agony" was once common here;

and now when in August the bottom of the  
river comes to the top, and a noisome stench  
arises therefrom, and all this in the city, I am  
surprised that there is so little sickness.

A few words on the state of public feel-  
ing in regard to the Union and the cuttings-  
up in the South. There are a great many in  
the city who are from Virginia. Most of them  
sympathize with the border states. The Irish  
and the "diminutists" generally are in favor  
of much concession. The republicans are  
mostly of the "stand firm" principle, while  
there may be a few who sympathize with Kel-  
logg. But talk of closing the Mississippi,  
and all declare "that shall never be." "War  
to the knife" would be the result of any re-  
strictions the South might make on the free  
navigation of the "Father of Waters."

Galena has always gone democratic until  
last fall at the presidential election, when the  
democrats were utterly astounded to find the  
republican vote ahead. Next Monday the  
city election takes place, and now one party  
is straining every nerve to keep what they  
have gained, while the other is making every  
exertion to regain their lost ground. The  
result is doubtful. In my next I will try to  
get into the lead question.

The Fleet Barber's Marriage.

Lady C. was beautiful, but extravagant—  
She was single, though rather passed ex-  
treme youth—like some other pretty fe-  
males, she had looked too hard, and estimat-  
ed her own loveliness too dearly, and now she  
refused to believe that she was not as char-  
ming as ever. So no wonder she still re-  
mained unmarried.

Lady C. had about five thousand pounds in  
the world. She owed about forty thousand  
pounds; so, with all her wit and beauty, she  
got into the Fleet, and was likely to remain  
there.

Now, in the time we speak of, every lady  
had her head dressed by a barber; and the  
barber of the Fleet was the handsomest bar-  
ber of the city of London. Pat Philan was  
a great admirer of the fair sex; and where's  
the wonder? Sure, Pat was an Irishman—  
It was one very fine morning when Philan  
was dressing her captivated head, that her  
ladyship took it into her mind to talk to him,  
and Pat was well pleased, for Lady C.'s teeth  
were the whitest, and her smile the brightest  
in all the world.

"So you are not married, Pat," said she.  
"Never an inch! your honor's ladyship,"  
said Pat.

"And wouldn't you like to be married?" a-  
gain asked she.

"Would a duck like to swim?"  
"Is there any one you'd prefer?"

"May be, ma'am," said he, "you never heard  
of Katalen O'Reilly, down beyond Duncree?  
Her father's cousin to O'Donoghue,  
who's own steward to Mr. Murphy, the under-  
agent to Mr. Lord Kingston, and—"

"Hush! said she, "sure, I don't want to  
know who she is. But would she have you  
if you asked her?"

"At, thin, I'd only wish I'd be after trying  
that."

"And why don't you?"  
"Because, I'm too poor."

"And Philan heaved a prodigious sigh.  
"Would you like to be rich?"  
"Does a dog like to bark?"

"If I make you rich, will you do as I tell  
you?"

"Mile-murthers, your honor! I don't be tan-  
tling a poor boy."

"Indeed, I am not," said she. "No listen—  
"How would you like to marry me?"

"Ah, thin, my lady, I believe the King of  
Russia himself would be proud to do so. I  
must, have alone a poor devil like Pat Philan."

"Well, Philan, if you'll marry me to-mor-  
row, I'll give you one thousand pounds."

"O, whilaboo!" whilaboo! Sure I'm mad  
or enchanted by the good people, roared Pat,  
dancing round the room.

"But there are conditions," said Lady C.  
"After the first day of our nuptials you must  
never see me again, nor claim me for your  
wife."

"I don't like that," said Pat, for he had been  
ogling her ladyship most desperately.

"But remember Katalen O'Reilly. With  
the money I'll give you, you may go and mar-  
ry her."

"That's true," said he. "But, thin, the big-  
am!"

"I'll never appear against you," said her la-  
dyship. "Only remember you must take an  
oath never to call me your wife after to-mor-  
row, and never to go telling the story."

"Never a word I'll ever say."

"Well, then," said she, "there's ten pounds.  
Go and buy a license, and leave the rest to  
me," and then she explained to him where he  
was to go, and when he was to come, and all  
that kind of thing.

The next day Pat was true to his appoint-  
ment, and found two gentlemen already with  
her ladyship.

"Have you got the license?" said she.

"Here it is, my lady," said he, and he gave  
it to her. She handed it to one of gentle-  
men, who viewed it attentively. Then, call-  
ing in her two servants, she turned to the  
gentleman, and said, "Read."

"And sure enough, in ten minutes, Philan  
was the husband, the legal husband, of the  
lovely Lady C."

"That will do," said she to her new husband,  
as he gave her a hearty kiss, that will do—  
Now, sir, give me my marriage certificate, if  
you please."

The old gentleman did so, and, bowing re-  
spectfully to the five-pound note she gave  
him, he retired with his clerk; for, sure en-  
ough, I had forgot to tell you that he was a  
parson.

"Go and bring me the warden," said my la-  
dy to one of her servants.

"Yes, my lady," said he; and presently the  
warden appeared.

"Will you be good enough," said Lady C.  
in a voice that would call a bird off a tree, "will  
you be good enough to send and fetch me a  
hackney-coach? I wish to leave this prison  
immediately."

"Your ladyship forgets," replied he, "that  
you must pay forty thousand pounds before I  
can let you go."

"I am a married woman. You can detain  
my husband, but not me."

And she smiled at Philan, who began rather  
to dislike the appearance of things.

"Pardon me, my lady, it is well known you  
are single."

"I tell you I am married!"

"Where's your husband?"

"There, sir," and she pointed to the astor-  
lished barber. "There he stands. Here is my  
marriage certificate, which you can peruse at  
your leisure. My servants vander were wit-  
nesses of the ceremony. Now detain me,  
sir, at your peril!"

The warden was dumbfounded, and no  
wonder. Poor Philan would have spoken,

but neither party would let him. The lawyer  
below was consulted. The result was evi-  
dent. In half an hour Lady C. was free, and  
Patrick Philan, her legitimate husband, a  
prisoner for debt to the amount of forty  
thousand pounds.

Well, sir, for some time Pat thought he  
was in a dream, and the creditors thought  
they were still worse. The following day  
they had a meeting; and, finding how they  
had been tricked, swore they would detain  
him forever; but as they well knew he had  
nothing, and would not feel much shame in  
going through the Insolvent Court, they  
made the best of a bad bargain, and let him  
go.

Well, you must know, about a week after  
this, Paddy Philan was sitting by his little  
fire, and thinking over the wonderful things  
he had seen, when, as sure as death, the  
postman brought him a letter, the first he  
had ever received, which he took over to a  
friend of his, one Ryan, a fruit seller—he  
knew, you see, he was no great hand at read-  
ing—writing—to decipher for him. It ran  
thus:

"Go to Donraile and marry Katalen  
O'Reilly. The instant the knot is tied I ful-  
fill my promise for making you comfortable  
for life. But, as you value your life and lib-  
erty, never breathe a syllable of what has  
passed. Remember, you are in my power. If  
you tell your story, I will send you to the  
penitentiary. You may wish to see me, and  
to you directly if you enclose me your mar-  
riage certificate. I send you fifty pounds for  
present expenses."

"O, happy Paddy! Didn't he start next  
day for Cork, and didn't he marry Katalen,  
and such a thousand pounds?" And what  
more, he took a cottage, which perhaps you  
know, not a hundred miles from Buthin, in  
the county of Limerick, and, I think, he  
forgot his first wife, and never told any one  
his story, under the promise of secrecy, the  
story of his Fleet marriage!"

The Question of Fort Sumter.

Four months ago it was in the power of  
the government at Washington to have armed  
all kept every fortification it possessed in the  
Southern States. There was unmistakable  
warning that the possession of all of them  
would be the subject of war. It was in the  
regard to the harbor of Charleston, South  
Carolina, the danger was the highest, and it  
might almost be said, the only military au-  
thorities in the country, regarded as so im-  
portant, as to invoke an earnest presentation  
of the subject to the president, and a recom-  
mendation that not a moment should be lost  
in providing for the